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THE STAR IN THE EAST.

MR. NORTON rejects from his version of the New Testament the first two chapters of Matthew's Gospel, mainly on the ground of internal evidence. He thinks the story of the Magi "a strange mixture of astrology and miracle." That they should be guided by a star which at last stood over the place where the child was, he treats as absurd; for an object but little elevated in the heavens "changes its apparent position in reference to objects seen on the earth according to the point of view of the spectator."

That by "his star in the East" is meant one of the heavenly bodies, neither the original word nor the connection in which it is found makes it necessary for us to suppose, and this case illustrates the wisdom and good sense of some of Professor Jowett's remarks in his late Essay on the Interpretation of Scripture. In almost all the supramundane appearances described in the Sacred Scriptures, we shall find ourselves woefully at fault in our interpretations until we give a full recognition to the fact that there are two worlds, one spiritual, the other natural; and that demonstrations from one into the other are not addressed to the carnal

eye, but to a spiritual faculty touched and opened to apprehend them.

The birth of Christ, which was a new Divine advent, for which the earth was waiting, and for which all past history had prepared the way, was not an event which affected alone the people of Palestine. Both the angel world and the human sympathized with it. It is a most remarkable fact, that all nations and peoples at that very hour were looking for the dawn of a new era. The world *felt* that a crisis had come in its history, and that something wonderful was about to take place. This general and breathless waiting some writers have tried to account for as being the result of Jewish prophecy, — a cause altogether inadequate. It can only be accounted for from the fact that this world is connected with a higher world of causes by internal relations and sympathies, and that on the eve of the grand crises of history, when the Divine agencies come nearer on the spiritual side, the tidings run down on invisible chords and thrill through the heart of the race. Those whose minds were most susceptible of Divine impressions would receive the tidings with greater distinctness.

None dispute the genuineness of Luke's narrative. The shepherds were tending their flocks in the fields of Bethlehem, as the custom was in the East, for they lived under the mild glories of an Oriental sky. Very likely their minds were intent on the event for which not only Judæa, but the nations were waiting. Suddenly their spirit-senses are opened, and they see the Divine agencies through which heaven and earth are in sympathy for the birth of Him who is to introduce a new order of years. When it is said that "the angel of the Lord appeared to them," and "the glory of the Lord shone round them," it is clear enough, we hope, that they did not see beings of flesh and blood with fleshly eyes, but supernal messengers, with spirit-sight opened to perceive super-sensual things. And so of the bursting symphonies that followed, — "the multitude of the heavenly hosts praising God, and say-

ing, Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will toward men." It was the inner eye and ear of the contemplative shepherd made sensitive to the glories and melodies which were coming nearer the earth in the event by which heaven and earth were to meet and be made one again.

The passage in Matthew describes phenomena of precisely the same order. So at least we understand it, and we do not see how it can be read otherwise. The common reader gets a false notion from the rendering "wise men" in our English version. The Magians were a sect well known throughout the East long before our Saviour's time, and they exist to this day. They were of the Parsee religion, which was reformed by Zoroaster, and which probably comprised more of the essentials of a lofty spiritual faith than the Jewish religion, as popularly received, had ever done. One God, the immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the dead, a day of judgment, and a just retribution in the future world, were its familiar doctrines. It is supposed to have borrowed largely from the Hebrew Scriptures. It was the purest form of worship that ever gained footing in Persia, or which is known now in Hindostan and China, in which countries it has since been propagated. When a traveller meets among the swarming population of the East a man of clearer intelligence, of loftier bearing, and of high mercantile integrity, he knows him at once for a Parsee. The sect have been known in history under the name of Fire-worshippers, but the Zend Avesta, which is a collection of their sacred writings, shows very clearly that they were not idolaters.

It was this sect from whom, as we read in Matthew, messengers came from the country east of Palestine to do homage to the infant Saviour. If their religion made them susceptible to higher and more spiritual intuitions, there is no reason why they should not have shared in a higher degree the expectations of the world; no reason why its grand epoch should not send on before it into their minds gleams of the coming light, and that on the plains of Chaldæa, as on the

plains of Bethlehem, the good news should not have broken from the heavens into the minds of men.

It is well enough known to the student of the Bible pneumatology that angelophanies are described under the appearance of a star. The aptness and the beauty of the representation will be obvious enough. By "his star in the East," can be meant no other than his angel-messenger appearing there to the Magians, as the like messenger appeared to the shepherds in Palestine. "The seven stars are the angels of the seven churches," is the symbolic description in the Revelation. Christ himself is described under the same appearance, — "I am the root and the offspring of David, the bright and morning star." And the promise to the faithful disciple is, when he shall become glorified, "I will give him the morning star"; or, again, "he shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

This mode of description is not confined to the sacred writers. Milton, in describing man's walk with God and angels in the primeval Eden, has occasion to adopt it.

"Haste hither, Eve, and with thy sight behold,
Eastward among those trees, what glorious shape
Comes this way moving; *seems another morn*
Risen on mid-noon; some great behest from heaven
To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe
This day to be our guest."

And here is a description, by some anonymous writer, of super-sensual vision, which is very much to the same purpose.

"I gazed, in wonder lost,
'Nor knew where I might turn,
But saw far off *three clustering stars*
With purest radiance burn.
Brighter they beamed and larger grew,
And when they nearer came,
Three angel-forms before me stood
In robes of waving flame."

In one of Homer's finest passages, he describes the Trojan army ordering its forces for the coming engagement. Hector,

their first chief, sometimes appears in the front, and sometimes disappears among the rear ranks to marshal and encourage his men. He is described under the image of a star, sometimes breaking full and clear out of a cloud, and sometimes sinking back again and disappearing in its folds. Chapman's translation lacks Homer's compactness, and the imagery is not so clear cut as in the original; but it is better than Pope's, and preserves the figure of the star exactly as Homer has it.

"In front of all the field

Troy's great Priamides did bear his all-ways-equal shield,
Still plying the ordering of his power. And as amid the sky
We sometimes see an ominous star blaze clear and dreadfully,
Then run his golden head in clouds, and straight appear again;
So Hector otherwhiles did grace the vaunt-guard, shining plain,
Then in the rear-guard hid himself, and labored everywhere
To order and encourage all; his armor was so clear,
And he applied each place so fast, that, like a lightning thrown
Out of the shield of Jupiter, in every eye he shone."

To suppose that a planetary body moved through the air to guide the Magians to the infant King, is an exposition worthy of our clumsy hermeneutics, that will see nothing above the natural degree, and are for lopping off everything which natural philosophy cannot bring into the range of its telescopes. To suppose that, when the heavens were bending near to the earth, and pressing into its affairs for the salvation of man, they should have broken sometimes upon the vision of those who stood on its sublimer heights, and should have given them a view of the realm of causes, does no violence to our most reasonable philosophy. Undoubtedly the lyric melodies are often floating around us, seeking to bring the earth into concord with the Divine harmonies, only our "muddy vesture of decay" shuts them out, and we cannot hear them. A meteor moving through the natural air would have been visible to others as well as to the Magians; but if one of the angels of the Divine presence appeared to them, even as to the shepherds of Bethlehem, — one of those "morn-

ing stars" who "sang together" at the creation, and are now choiring again to celebrate the redemption of man,—and if the angel guided the Magians till he hovered over the cradle of the new-born Saviour, we cannot conceive how the fact could have been given to us more appropriately or more beautifully than the Gospel narrative has given it.

All that part of the New Testament history which we call miracle, is to undergo a new discussion, and be viewed from a new stand-point. Formerly the miracles have been appealed to merely as "evidence" of certain truths announced by the Saviour; we have heard intelligent Christians avow that, but for these, they should not know that they were to live after death any more than the brutes that perish. As the central fact of the Divine Incarnation is recognized and verified to the reason,—Christ the great and glorious theophany that explains and organizes all human history,—the "miracles" will no longer need explaining, nor will they be regarded as prodigies and violations of natural law. They will appear as the fitting symbolization of the God of nature coming nearer to men,—of spiritual laws acting upon the natural, and within them. Standing single, and without the life and character of Christ, the miracles are utterly incredible. With that life and character, it seems as easy and becoming for him to do those works which no other man did, as it is for me to move this pen over the paper. And nothing seems to us more fitting or more credible than the angelophanies which were the attendants and the heralds of the Divine coming and of the Divine work which was finally to make the earth below at one with the heavens above. S.

"THE faith by which men live is a faith in *Persons*. Abraham trusted God, and was as his friend: and so all souls of a like trust are called by St. Paul the seed of faithful Abraham. The original germ of such faith is the divine longing in our hearts after 'the things that are pure, true, holy, and lovely.'"

THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE.

THE week of the visit of the Prince of Wales was in many ways remarkable. It is not often that a whole community is moved by one and the same sentiment. Our interests, as well as pleasures, are mostly those of class. What absorbs one is unknown to, has no charm for another. Here it was otherwise. All classes were alike interested. Rich and poor, cultivated and ignorant, had one common topic of interest, conversation, and thought. City and country throbbed in unison. Not the men who stand idle, always ready for some new thing, — not women merely, nor children, — were somewhat turned from the calm of their ordinary lives, but men who do not yield easily to a sentiment, and have a good deal of contempt for anything that approaches a sensation. Even trade stood still, and business yielded up a holiday. In full tide, throngs of all classes, ages, temperaments, crowded and choked the city highways, stood unwearied and good natured the fearful pressure of hours, filled the windows, climbed to roofs and chimney-tops, submitted to inconvenience and annoyance, that they might see a fair-faced boy, quiet and modest, who is the heir to the greatest throne, the expectant ruler over the most powerful people, on the globe. For once we forgot our sturdy republicanism, the turgid rhetoric about monarchies, all matters of rivalry and prejudice and still lurking dislike, and whatever our social position, whatever our party politics, whatever our theological creed, with one heart, with spontaneous good-will, hastened to do honor, bid welcome, show our good wishes to him of whose blood came all our woes, — woes the bloody but blessed seed of all our joys.

He has come and gone, — that unassuming young man, heir to the glories of that empire on which the sun never sets, himself higher in human position than any other young man that sun looks upon. He — the descendant of the self-

willed George, to whom, as head, and not to minister or people, is due the tyranny and obstinacy which forced a loyal people to revolt — has passed through this broad land, trodden the prairie, sailed on the lake, looked in upon slavery, given his hand to and sat by the side of mechanics, bowed at the tomb of Washington, and looked at the tall gray shaft which rises to commemorate the sundering of the tie between his people and us, while from its summit, under the sweet October sun, waved the meteor-flag, over a field upon which once it surged in all the uncertainty and horror of fratricidal strife. He has crossed the threshold of the citizen, he has turned the head of the young woman with whom he danced, and the heart of her with whom he did not. He has seen how needless standing armies are where volunteer service is so well performed; he has seen how the multitude is to be trusted to its own instinct of decency and order; he has heard children's voices, in the dear cadence of his nation's anthem, asking the best Heaven gives, for him. Never has man had such a welcome as this vast nation has given him, — not Washington or Lafayette, — because it has been in no way the acclaim due for service or allegiance, no mere holiday desire to see the stuff of which kings are made, but voluntary, hearty, unbought, unearned. Happily inaugurated, successfully was the whole idea carried out. A master-mind ordered all his doings with promptness, decision, and the best sense; public functionaries, railway officials, private men, have shown the true American force and character, dashed, it is true, with some evidences of manners and taste in society and church so shocking as I trust never may be known again. Thrown a little off our balance, with a king among us, I yet hope that he carries to that royal mother and that royal people as hearty a good-will as he takes from us, and that the thought of America may be always one of pleasure and respect.

He has come and gone. Life slips back to its old way. History writes the record of the visit of Victoria's son.

Many will remember in their thoughts and tell their children of this pleasing vision of royalty. No one will forget the face they have once looked on. The fact of this visit is a fact, a memory, and an influence.

As I wandered here and there among the people, constant witness to eagerness and patience, good nature and inconvenience without a parallel in my observation of crowds, I have caught myself repeating the words once uttered by the Saviour, when Judæa had been stirred by the voice crying in the wilderness: "What went ye out for to see?" I think I may safely answer, not merely in vulgar curiosity, to see a prince, though some no doubt had only that desire. We might have had other princes visit us, and let them come and go without any such special notice. Neither our absurd national mania for everything that assumes a title, nor any desire to keep the right side of England, — to show her our money-power or the ability of our best society, or to impress these upon one himself in the providence of God to hold in no small degree the destiny of two hemispheres in his hands, — could have brought out demonstrations which have not been of show, or expediency, or of form, but of hearty good-will. Myself, I am surprised and gratified, and hail as an omen the universality of the feeling of good-will which has been the bright particular charm, the glory, and the crown of this event.

If not a prince, what went ye out for to see? I answer, Victoria's son. Probably no woman who has worn a crown has been so largely and so deservedly loved and respected as she who now adorns, and adds a better something than power to, the English throne. Her home character, her household virtues, the sterling English, motherly sense shown in the training of her children, have made her a name we never speak without respect. An Elizabeth, a Catherine, a Marie Antoinette, never could have inspired republican breasts with a sentiment only a little short of loyalty. And Victoria the monarch, aside from Victoria the woman, would have stood

lower than these on the tablets of that record upon which she is destined to stand first. Never out of kingly houses, even when they awed the world, has there gone an influence like that from the palace in which it is known a mother rules. The loyalty of the Englishman is traditional; he is born so. King and country is his motto, and that sentiment takes on a softer tone when he can say, "God save the *Queen*." With us, I have always thought there is a loyalty to England's queen,—a better sort of chivalrous respect, growing rather out of what is womanly than queenly in her,—which is unknowingly playing no mean part in the effacing of national prejudices, and the establishing of international good-will. The wealth, the power, the mechanism, the manufacture of England, all tended to increase rivalry, all stood in the way of fair understanding; but God put a woman on the throne, and that in us which ever draws toward woman has drawn us toward her, and so toward her people, with a sentiment that overleaps tariffs, gives us large rather than petty rivalries, and is fast bringing us into a position which language and lineage, nature and God, declare the only one for us. Her reign and the manner of it have done much toward cementing the two nations, and when it was known that her first-born—heir to her throne and it is hoped to her virtues—was to cross the waters to visit his own subjects, a strong desire to see and welcome him ran through the land. It is the mother in the child we went out to see and greet, and we thought how it would please the mother-heart, and show to her as we have no means of showing how truly we respect the woman and the queen.

Moreover, we went to see the representative of a great nation,—one from which the littleness and intrigues of politics and trade cannot separate us. It was the heir apparent to her throne whom we welcomed and honored. He was England to us,—the land from which we drew our life, the land every large-hearted man respects. For since the

time the barons wrung from their master the "Magna Charta," which Macaulay considers as the moment at which English history begins, her career has been onward and honorable, despite mistakes and faults and tyrannies, bad rulers and bad laws. You may put that career by the side of any other covering the same years, and in every requisite of true greatness she stands first. There may be more brilliant eras in the records of other nations, kings who have had more individual genius and impressed themselves more personally upon the people,—Peter the Great, Leo the Tenth, Charles the Fifth, Philip the Second,—while England, independent of the character of her monarch, has moved steadily on, an inward vigor in her not to be overcome by any fierce current that might set outwardly against her. Great princes she has hardly had; her most noted reigns are those of women,—Elizabeth, Anne, Victoria. Great men she has always had, men to modify if not to shape kingly ways, men great in every branch of human thought, men not to be kept under by red tape, but coming into high place and conquering blood. Had we been colonists of any other country, speaking any other language, reared under any other laws,—had there not been the element of freedom in the British nation and the English heart, our history had had far other record. She is our mother by no mere figure of speech. No favored child were we, and yet the truer manhood ours for the sternness of her discipline. We have rebelled and fought her. We have conquered, got what we sought; the madness is clean gone out of us, and we are big enough, and ought to be wise enough, to let the past be buried, and do ample justice to the first power of the earth. That is just what she is, and we, with all our brag, are not. We have not yet got up to that, any more than the great broad-shouldered boy has got to be the first power in the home. It may be that England cannot whip us, but whipping does not constitute power. Power is not in fleets and armies, balls and bayonets. Power is a

combination less of material, than of intellectual and moral forces; it is a *tout ensemble* you may not analyze, whose operations you may not know, but which goes and does its work. You may find France, Russia, America, to contend the palm; but judged candidly, with all the prestige of her past, with the variety of her present resource, she must still be held as first, — self-poised, confident, mature. In that young man we saw the representative of that power, which has its home on every continent, in every zone. He is training for the rule of nations, — not the little isle in the sea, but of millions who shall never see his face or tread the shores of the mother-land. If he rules forty, twenty, or but five years, his rule must have great influence on the policy of nations, on all matters of international comity and trade. Peace shall wrap us all in her sweet elysium, or war's stern mandate startle the seas and the cities. I gaze on that young man, and think what may be the horoscope even now the future casts for him. I take courage and gather auguries of hope from what I see and hear, and I will join with all my heart in the children's prayer: —

“Father, in loving care,
Guard thou her kingdom's heir,
Guide all his ways:—
Thine arm his shelter be
From harm by land or sea;
Bid storm and danger flee,
Prolong his days.”

For myself, I confess that I went to see a man who, born to rule, knew how to obey. It is not without significance that the legend beneath the Prince's crest is, “I serve.” To serve is not only Christ-like, but, what will touch some men more, king-like. Probably few boys of his age in America have been as thoroughly obedient, or are at his age so much and so cheerfully subject to rule. That is the way they bring up children in England. Even he who is master of all, is under masters, and my confidence in him as a man

and a monarch grows largely out of that. I have no trust in any man who does not know what obedience is. I have no hope of the rule of him who has not thoroughly learned to serve. The sterling English sense shows itself here. The future monarch is no spoiled child, no pampered pet, no show prince, but he is still a pupil, anxious to get back to his studies and to keep the promise he made his mother. The quiet way in which he has taken the homage of subjects, the attentions of strangers, the frankness of his manners, the genuineness of his courtesy, the uniformly agreeable impression he has left on all who have come in contact with him, all combine to show discipline, and that just poise of the man which that alone can give. And I would that our young men might take this teaching, and see that that which is felt to be essential to kingly training can in no way be useless or unmanly; that the law of the palace is good law for the house; that the motto for a prince should be the motto for every life. For myself, my drawing toward him personally was just that. He was a high type of young manhood, knowing and keeping the place of a young man, though born a king. The privileges, the immunities, the glories of his position, did not move me, but the thought of what he himself was in those.

He has come and gone. The last plaudits of the people have died upon his ear. The hearty God-speed of the nation followed him out upon the deep, where God keeps winds and waters in the hollow of his hands, and watches alike mariner and monarch. A great and wise act it was to sanction his coming. It has done good already; it will yet do more. The seeing with the eye will do much toward breaking down prejudice; it will create a mutual interest such as only comes of sight; it will cement two peoples. The queen mother will be touched as a mother only is;—a generous people will accept and respond to attentions no way short of their own loyalty. In many hours pleasing memories will rise in the young man's mind. America will be a grateful

name to him; and should troublous times come up when the sceptre shall be his, grave questions and grave fears, I am sure they will meet with more just and kindly consideration on both sides the water because of these past few weeks. God grant that no untoward difficulty rise to sever a union among peoples who have the same great language, and the same great aim and destiny. May they stand side by side in every good work, no foolish jealousies rising to weaken the power they may wield, the blessing they may bestow. May each delight to honor the other, and monarchical England and republican America move forward to the world's redemption, the red cross, with the stars and stripes, always in front, where Duty calls, and Justice is to be ministered, and the Right maintained.

J. F. W. W.

"A LIGHT OF STARS IN THE NIGHT SEASON."

THE practical experience of our daily life, it is often and truly said, is one of our great and indispensable teachers. Unless the instructions, which men and books give us, were interpreted and confirmed in its light, they would seem to avail us but little. It is this which unveils to us the hidden meaning of things, and enables us to become the children of wisdom.

Let the endurance of some painful sorrow afford us a fitting illustration. There is many a chapter in the vast volumes of Truth and Life which is unopened to us, until we have felt the pang of separation and the power of grief. It is in such a season of darkness that we discover fresh and glorious realities, which were concealed from us before, just as, when the sun goes down, and the shades of night prevail, the bright and innumerable stars, which were invisible in the glare of day, come forth to view, and proclaim to us more

fully the greatness and glory of God. As some one has beautifully said, "Sorrow is the night of the mind. What would be a day without its night? The day reveals one sun only; the night brings to light the whole of the universe. The analogy is complete. Sorrow is the firmament of thought and the school of intelligence."

It is when these shadows surround us that we have a minuter and distincter survey of the past. However much we may have supposed that the entire memory of the vanished years was secure to us, we find, when sorrow bids us revert to them, how many items of their history had fallen out of our minds, and how improbable it is that they would otherwise have been restored to us. Now they come thronging back in endless number, to comfort us if we have been faithful, and to warn us if we have not. In either case they come to do us good. However painful the associations which they may revive, they are associations whose ministry we should not be willing to forego. With what language all the little incidents and circumstances of the days that are gone, as they were connected with the life of the departed, speak to us! The peculiar glance or smile, the playful familiarities, the most trivial words, the slightest offices of love and care, and all that once seemed so unimportant and evanescent,—how little we dreamed that these would so live as to return to us long afterward and affect us so deeply! How sacred and interesting the history which all the objects that crowd the home-scene, and remind us of the dead, unfold! How every article of furniture or adornment, arranged by hands now still, looked upon by eyes now closed, and talked of by lips now sealed, seems impregnated by the spirit of that dear life! Something that belonged to that earthly existence appears to have entered into whatever we behold around us; and the smallest, and in itself the most valueless memorial, refers us to some sweet chapter of our mutual life which we would not consent to forget, and now possesses a worth to us beyond the price of rubies. The past comes back to us

afresh in a myriad sights and experiences which once enlisted the interest of our sainted ones; — in the books they loved to read, the leaves still turned and the marks still untouched; in every favorite flower or tree; in the mighty ocean and the glorious old mountains with which they so often held free communion; in the faces of friends whom they cherished with such fond affection; in all their chosen walks and haunts; and in whatever reminds us of those who were, but are not. And it is when we see how these years that are numbered are crowded at every point with something of imperishable value, and how every echo from the most neglected apartments of memory bears to us such celestial sounds, that we discover what a significance there is in all that makes up our daily life, and what obligations devolve upon us to make that life all radiant and beautiful.

Sorrow discloses to us more perfectly the true character of the friends who leave us. The fleshly veil always conceals something of the inner life. Language is an imperfect medium of communication, and the human countenance fails to reveal the glory of the soul beneath. There is a beauty there which the inevitable encumbrances and infirmities of mortality serve partially to eclipse. It is not that we do not love, and even idolize, the objects of our affections. But it is that their immortal spirits are imprisoned in a house of clay, and that we do not and cannot know them as they really are, until we behold them with a more internal and spiritual vision. Death transfigures our loved and lost ones, and presents them to our minds in all their ideal loveliness. Whatever blinded us to their true worth and excellence before, is now removed, and the sanctified imagination at times almost realizes the heavenly original.

"'T is only when they spring to Heaven, that angels
Reveal themselves to you; they sit all day
Beside you, and lie down at night by you,
Who care not for their presence, — muse or sleep, —
And all at once they leave you and you *know* them!"

Thus, also, do we come to have a better acquaintance with ourselves. In our seasons of joy and prosperity we are apt to become blinded to a proper knowledge of our own moral condition and character. We must be sorely tried, in order that we may understand our weaknesses and wants. Before we were afflicted, we had the most unbounded reliance upon our own strength. Now we see on what a frail support we leaned. We had not a doubt that we could exercise a spirit of patience, whatever might betide us. Now we realize how difficult it is to suppress the murmurings of the heart, and how we need the Divine assistance. We had thought that, in all circumstances, we could say, "Thy will be done." But now we would fain see our own will done, in opposition to the will of God. We had not a suspicion that aught could shake our faith in the Divine wisdom and goodness. Now we are troubled with fears and misgivings, and are unhappy and disabled. Then, as we stand in the presence of death and its solemn mysteries, how superficial and unsatisfactory appears the life we have lived! How we are rebuked for all our unfaithfulness and sin! How distinctly we see to what an extent we have been engrossed in the transient and external! We have not kept constantly enough in view the great purposes of existence, and the awful realities of the world to come. The consequence has been, that our life has wanted depth and grandeur. We feel that we have not done what we might and ought. We are convinced that our souls need a fresh baptism into the spirit of God, — a new consecration to the great work of life. In fine, we become conscious that, however severe the dispensation which we have experienced, it was just what we needed. That our strength, patience, and faith have proved unequal to the trial to which they have been exposed, and that our life is now seen by us to have been so hollow and so vain, shows that we wanted this divine visitation to arouse us to a sense of our danger and to a better service of God and man. And we may be sure, forever, that God never visits his children with this

painful discipline, unless it is indispensable to their growth and peace. Nor is it until we are thus made acquainted with our own personal needs, that we can put forth the requisite effort for their satisfaction.

Here, too, we have a clearer and more comprehensive view of our relations and duties to our fellow-men and to God. Sorrow opens to us new paths of usefulness, and prompts us to pursue them. Its effect is to touch and quicken our sympathies for others. We were perhaps too exclusive or selfish before. Now we feel that there is a sure bond that unites us to our friends, to our neighbors, to our acquaintances, and to the world. We have learned how to compassionate those who are troubled, to minister to them that are sick, to help the poor and the destitute, to rejoice in the prosperity of the happy and the successful. In the very depth of our grief we feel that we have a new and more generous love for all, and would fain see every one safe and blest. It is some such experience as this that often issues forth into a life of rare beneficence. Who has not seen some child of sorrow, who before, it may be, was devoted to the follies and vanities of the world, afterward, when the hand of God had smitten the soul, expending all the energies of body and mind in the sweet and useful charities of life, or in some of the harder and more laborious, but not less disinterested, employments of society. What heroes and heroines have received their inspiration by the death-beds, or graves, or familiar haunts of friends who have gone, and under its influence have sought out and relieved the unfortunate and the suffering, carried light and cheer into the gloom of the prisoner, instructed the young and the ignorant, or have been attracted to the active ministry of Jesus Christ,—have certainly found something to do whereby their sympathies and impulses might be turned to a blessed practical account! He who by these darker events of Providence is made to feel the insecurity of earthly things, to realize the uncertainty of life, to consider how brief is the

time in which he must do his work, and to appreciate the import and solemnity of the earthly state, will not fail to find the needed opportunities to do the will of God. Hearing in his sorrow a call to a more faithful service, and touched into a kinder and more living interest in behalf of his fellow-men, he will go forth to fulfil some important trust and achieve some noble victory which Heaven will bless and accept. The sufferer is henceforth carried out of himself, as it were, and begins to know, as he never knew before, the joy and the glory of self-sacrifice.

How sorrow reveals to us the meaning and power of Scripture! Just as we fail to interpret life aright until we read it in the light of experience, so there is a large part of the Bible which we cannot fully appreciate and value until we read it through the streaming tears of grief. Then it is that many a passage and chapter which we had before read mechanically, and which never had the power to uplift us, is seen to glow with a new life, while it fills us with a sense of the sublime and eternal. It is then that you are convinced that these are not the productions of merely human minds, but that they are instinct with divine life. In the hour of your keenest anguish, turn to some of the more comforting psalms of David, open to those wondrous discourses of the Saviour in the upper chamber, peruse what Paul has to say of the great themes of Death and the Resurrection, contemplate the visions of the seer of Patmos as he gazes upon the glories of the celestial city, — and if you have ever thought these pages were not meant for you, you will think so no longer. They will stand before you, all freighted with nameless ministries which no earthly help could supply. What words can comfort you like these? — "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea;" — "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain;" — "And he carried

me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God ; and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal ;" — "And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it ; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof ;" — "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city." Such only is the language that can properly minister to you now. What a glory seems now to invest it ! How it dilates and throbs with meaning ! How you thank God that words like these are in the Bible, and feel that they are not the simple figments of a poet's imagination, but that they were given by the inspiration of God to be the solace, joy, and rapture of millions of stricken hearts, just as they are of your own. In the whole literature of consolation, whether sacred or profane, there is opened to you a new and inexhaustible mine, which you have not yet worked. The personal experience of sorrow alone discloses this unappropriated wealth, and invites the soul to accept its portion.

Then what an office sorrow fulfils in unveiling to us more fully the Christ. We cannot see the King in his beauty until we survey him from various points of observation, and sojourn with him amid different scenes and circumstances. I must know him in *all* his relations and offices to my soul, ere I can see him as he is. It is not enough that he imparts to my hungering soul the vast spiritual truths of the Gospel, — nor that he whispers in my ear the voice of pardon, and blots out the record of my transgressions, — nor that I can claim him as a co-laborer in the more arduous duties of life, — nor that he comes to me to succor my weakness in the hour of temptation. There is still another office which he sustains to the believer, and it is that of the sympathizing brother and friend in the seasons of affliction. Here Jesus comes nigh to us in all the more gentle, tender, and soothing

ministries of his nature. Not so much as Teacher, Lord, Lawgiver, or Judge, but rather as the mighty Comforter, to weep with those who weep, and to assure them of his personal and unspeakable interest, sympathy, and affection. We must get a view of this more *human* side of Christ in order to understand him aright. We can contemplate his serene majesty, his immaculate purity, his unbending fortitude, his awful power. We can reverence and adore. But how it fills out our idea of his perfections, and our conception of him as a Saviour, to know that he wept with the sisters of Lazarus, and said to his sorrow-stricken disciples, "Let not your heart be troubled;" — that he is to-day as full of love and pity for his disciples as he was then, and that he is ever ready to meet them in the hours of their grief and loneliness, sit down by their side, permit them to lean their heads upon his sacred breast, talk to them of the Heavenly Father and the heavenly world, and assure them that he himself is the good shepherd, the objects of whose care shall never perish, nor be plucked out of his hand! It is when this wondrous being, who is "the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of his person," condescends to be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and to cling to us and love us and console us through all the changes and trials of life, saying, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world," — it is then that we catch fresh glimpses of his transcendent loveliness and beauty, and are drawn towards him as by irresistible power.

Happy indeed if the event which has filled us with mourning has illustrated Christ's ability to give peace and victory in the dying hour. When we behold the supports of nature failing, and the earth-scene receding, and all that is outward dissolving and vanishing away, if yet we see the immortal spirit rising triumphant amid the ruin, sustained by its conscious interest in and love for the Saviour, and full of trust, faith, and hope, — we have a confirmation of Christianity and

a testimony in favor of Jesus that are worth more than all logic and all speculation. He who has thus seen the believing soul vanquish the powers of Death can no longer doubt, if he has ever doubted before, the truth and the value of our holy religion, and the sufficiency and glory of its Divine Author. It is in our sorrow that we can truly learn to say, "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

It is in our sorrow, also, that we come to entertain a more thoughtful view of, and a deeper love for, the Church. In the presence of death and all the solemnities and mysteries which crowd around it, every seeming objection to the Church and to its ordinances disappears, and we feel that there are indeed wants and needs to which it was divinely ordered to minister. As long as life went well with us, and everything was joyous and successful, and the world fascinated us by its attractions, we could not penetrate into the true meaning of the Church, and estimate and realize its worth. But when the storm came, we sighed for a sacred shelter, a heavenly home, where we could find safety and rest. We asked for some sure retreat where we could hold closer communion with God, and Christ, and those who are as the angels, where we could be brought into connection with all that is most spiritual and imperishable, and where we could thus get comfort and strength for the days that were to come. The Church of Christ supplied the demand, and we understood, for once at least, why it was that, in the centuries that are gone, the myriads of Christians, who through severe trial have entered into the deeper experiences of life, have all been so earnestly devoted to its maintenance and growth.

And, generally, it may be said, sorrow affords us a more unclouded view of, and brings us into more intimate relations with, the things which are unseen and eternal. We feel the presence of the powers of the world to come. We are on the dividing line which separates time and eternity. And as

the departing spirit leaves us, we follow it with our gaze, and through the portal, which remains ajar, we see the white-robed throngs, and hear the strains of the heavenly harpers. Henceforth the house of many mansions seems nearer and more familiar to us than before. It has a new interest to us now that it is the home of the dear ones who have gone. Our thoughts, which a while ago lingered too exclusively among the objects of time and sense, are now more frequently lifted above, and are fixed upon what is permanent and spiritual. Most eagerly do we desire to know more about that better world, and to make it our constant study. What, we love to ask, are its employments? What engages the time and energies of our now glorified friends? In whose companionship do they walk those streets of gold, and survey those walls of jasper? Who are their guides and instructors in the great march of the soul in its onward, upward, and never-ending career? What are their precise relations to Him who hath redeemed them with his own blood? What, in all its wonder and glory, is this heavenly state and this celestial scenery which now invite their attention and pursuit. And it is as we inquire and think and read, and thus familiarize our minds with these invisible things, that they become more real to us, assume more distinct and palpable forms, and lure us on more powerfully to their realization and enjoyment. Divine magnets are these departed friends, to draw us by the force of resistless attraction to the realms on high. It is good for us to be afflicted, since thus our interests become transferred so largely from earth to heaven; since we do not look down so much as formerly, but oftener lift our eyes above; since we do not chase so eagerly the phantoms of the life that now is, but strive to pursue the more enduring treasures of God's eternal kingdom. There are the true objects of one's pursuit. Gaining those, he may well resign all else. Losing them, it had been better if he had not been born.

Thus in the night season there is a light of stars. For it is then that we get a better acquaintance with the past, with

the translated objects of our love, with our own character and condition, with our duties and relations to others, with the Word of God, with Christ and his Church, with his blessed religion and the life eternal.

"Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun ! or who could find,
While fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind !"

Existence is not to us what it was before. It is more solemn and more significant. At every step we find ourselves pressed upon by realities which until now we have not recognized. It is a part of our education. God is thus disciplining and perfecting us. Through all the processes of sorrow and joy, hope and fear, labor and repose, loss and gain, sickness and health, victory and defeat, and all the changeful allotments of life, God seeks to fashion his jewels into completeness, and to polish them with a more than earthly lustre ; and they which prove worthy shall be as diadems forever in the crown of the Saviour's rejoicing.

A. P. P.

WE are accustomed to speak of certain actions as great, or noble ; but what is it that constitutes the greatness of an action ? Is it some striking result accomplished in the outward world ? some triumph of genius, or even of *Christian* effort, to which men may point, and say, "This is the work of a hero, a philanthropist, or a saint" ? Is it this alone ? Surely not. The greatness of an act often lies in the noble motive. It may be known only to the secret heart, and to its God. It may be simply the triumph of Christian principle over some emotion of selfishness, anger, or envy, — unspoken, but struggling for utterance in word or deed. It may be the forming of a firm resolve, which changes the character of the life ; yet so slowly that it is only after the lapse of months or years, that the world sees the full result of that first hour of consecration. Deeds may be great, but motives, the hidden springs of action, are greater still. May God sanctify our motives, and thus enable us to "make our lives sublime."

†

"NIL DESPERANDUM."

Ah! "Nil desperandum!" has weathered, I know,
Full many a cape where the roughest winds blow;
Has stifled the groans of *unbearable* pain;
Has rescued dropped stitches, though all seemed in vain;
And gathered up fragments, quite sweet to the taste,
Which the slothful and hopeless are ready to waste.

Yes, "Nil desperandum!" now gird up your heart;
Go forth with fresh ardor, and act well your part;
"T is often the darkest time just before day;"
There's truth in the word that the old sages say!
Despair not and flag not, but stand to your post;
Look out for fair weather, and nothing is lost.

Ah! "Nil desperandum!" — but trust in your God!
Act bravely and cheerily, and from the clod
Starts forth the fair grain and the beautiful flowers,
The fruit in its glory, for bright future hours:
Go forward to bless, look upward to pray;
Seek the pillow of peace at the close of the day.

At the close of the day! see its beauty unfold
In the soft sunset clouds, rich in purple and gold,
Which come like sweet angels, when good men lie low,
To breathe heavenly peace as the tired pilgrims go.
So "Nil desperandum!" earth's contest and strife
Will end in true victory, — life unto life!

To go from life here to the eternal and true;
To rise up with power ever strengthening and new;
To cast off the weakness that fetters us here;
To work without weariness, doubting, nor fear;
O, "Nil desperandum!" Soul, cling to the Faith,
And trust what the Spirit to man's spirit saith.

* * *

PNEUMATOLOGY.

SPIRIT-SEEING.

A BELIEF that spiritual beings may be seen by men has always been widely prevalent; so much so, that it warrants, and almost necessitates, the conclusion, that there must have been some well-authenticated instances of this kind. What could support in all times such a wide-spread belief, unless there is some ground for it in the nature of man and in the facts of the case? But when we undertake to cite instances, we find them often mixed up with so much that is crude and false, that even well-attested facts are liable to be rejected. We pass over these, therefore, and make our appeal to the Divine Word, for it has come to be read so carelessly, or large portions of it are so much ignored, that people are liable to forget that, from beginning to end, it abounds in visible disclosures from the spiritual world to men in this, — demonstrating that there is in man a latent faculty of spirit-seeing, and that there are objects that may be brought within its range.

The volume of inspiration is full of testimony on this subject. Many instances are therein recorded of angels and spirits appearing unto, and conversing with, persons yet in the flesh. We will refer to only a few of them by way of illustration. Thus Abraham saw and conversed with angels in the plains of Mamre. (Gen., chap. xviii.) Angels appeared unto Lot, announcing to him the destruction of Sodom, and warning him and his family to flee for their lives. (Ib., chap. xix.) Angels were seen by Jacob after his departure from the house of Laban; "and when Jacob saw them, he said, This is God's host." (Ib., chap. xxxii.) An angel appeared to Manoah and his wife; and when they witnessed his ascent "in the flame of the altar," they "fell on their faces to the ground," and "knew that he was an angel of the Lord." (Ib., chap. xiii.) An angel appeared unto

Zacharias, a man "righteous before God, and walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless." And Zacharias — notwithstanding "he was troubled, and fear fell upon him" — held a conversation with the angel, who announced himself as Gabriel, and foretold what was shortly to come to pass. "I am Gabriel," he said, "that stand in the presence of God; and am sent to speak unto thee, and to show thee these glad tidings." And the record adds, that "when he came out [of the temple], he could not speak unto them; and they perceived that he had *seen a vision* in the temple." (Luke i. 22.) The virgin Mary also saw and conversed with an angel, who announced to her the birth of the Saviour. (Ib., 30, 31.) And the announcement of the same august event was also made by an angel to the shepherds. "And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling-clothes lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men. And it came to pass as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, 'Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.' And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger." (Ib., ii. 10-16.) Thus the event which this angel announced to the shepherds — an event previously unknown to them — was found to agree entirely with the declaration.

We would remark in this connection, that the Greek word *angelos*, as well as the Hebrew *malák*, each of which is translated *angel*, means simply a *messenger*, *one sent*. Hence it is an appropriate term by which to designate that class of

spiritual beings who are sent on important errands to men. But some critics, who, like the Sadducees of old, are unwilling to believe that there is either angel or spirit, are anxious to confine the application of this word to persons yet in the flesh. And we concede that it may be, and sometimes is, not improperly applied to men, who are commissioned and sent of the Lord, and are therefore his messengers. But a slight examination will convince us that the word is usually employed in the Bible to designate spiritual beings. Who can doubt that it is so employed in the passage just cited? For it is there said, among other things, that "*suddenly* there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host;" and then we are told what happened when the angels were gone away from the shepherds "*into heaven*." Now, if these had not been beings freed from the encumbrance of gross matter, they would hardly have been called by the inspired penmen "the heavenly host"; nor would the record have told us of their going away "*into heaven*" when they left the shepherds; neither is it easy, upon any other theory, to conceive how they could have appeared so "*suddenly*," or how they could have brought with them, in the darkness of the night, that awe-inspiring radiance, which is described as "the glory of God shining round about them." But the solution of all this becomes perfectly easy, if we suppose them to have been spiritual beings, and that the spiritual senses of the shepherds were opened on that occasion.

Other examples might be cited to show that the word *angel* is employed in Scripture to designate a denizen of the upper spheres. This is its usual signification, and is what we presume most Christians understand by the term.

In the twenty-fourth chapter of the Gospel by Luke, we have an account of another vision of angels. It is there said of the women who came early in the morning to the sepulchre, that "they entered in and found not the body of the Lord Jesus. And it came to pass, as they were much perplexed thereabout, behold two men stood by them in shining gar-

ments. And as they were afraid, and bowed down their faces to the earth, they said unto them, Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen." Now that these two men were spiritual beings,—so regarded by the beholders,—is evident from the fear which fell upon the women, as well as from their subsequent account of the circumstance; for when they found not the body of Jesus, "they came, saying that they had also seen a *vision of angels*, who said that he was alive." Besides, in the parallel passage in John, these two men in shining apparel are called angels; for we are there told that Mary, as she stood weeping, "stooped down and looked into the sepulchre, and seeth two *angels* in white, sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain." Yet it appears from the narrative that the people of those times, including even the disciples themselves, were about as unwilling to believe in any such supermundane appearances as they are now-a-days; for it is said that, when the women came and told the apostles what they had seen, "their words seemed to them as idle tales, and they believed them not."

Again, we read that Saul saw and conversed with the spirit of Samuel after the decease of the latter, and heard from him the prophetic announcement of his own overthrow and ruin. (2 Sam., chap. xxviii.) And it is recorded of the three disciples who were taken up into a high mountain apart, and permitted to witness the transfiguration, that they saw also Moses and Elias talking with Jesus; and the Lord charged them when they came down from the mount, "saying, Tell the *vision* to no man, until the Son of man be risen again from the dead." And John assures us in the Revelation, that, when he was "in the spirit," he not only saw thousands and myriads of angels, but heard their voices with such distinctness that he was able to write the very words they uttered.

So clear and ample is the testimony which the Bible furnishes to the reality of spirits and spirit-seeing. And in view

of the abundant narratives of this kind recorded in the sacred volume, we submit that it ill becomes us, as believers of the Bible, to mock at the pretensions of Swedenborg, or to condemn his writings, simply on account of the alleged visions they record. Let it be shown that his disclosures are false, fantastic, or unreasonable, — if this can be fairly done ; but in the name of all that is sacred, let not the condemning sentence fall on his writings for reasons which would lead us to discredit the testimony and despise the teachings of nearly all God's most illustrious and gifted prophets, — to reject and scoff at the inspired Word itself, as the production of deluded and visionary men.

Admitting, then, that spirit-seeing is among things possible, the next and very natural question is, What is the explanation of it ? Is there anything peculiar in the psychological condition of the spirit-seer ? Is there any principle or law underlying and governing the phenomena in question ? In other words, *how* can spirits be seen of men, or upon what conditions ?

Swedenborg, we think, gives the only rational answer that has ever been given to this question, and one which encounters none of the difficulties with which every other theory is so greatly embarrassed. He says, that within the perishable material body of every man is a living spiritual organism which can never die. This is the real man. This is the "spiritual body" of which Paul speaks, which alone is immortal, and which, when freed from the encumbrance of flesh and blood, becomes a conscious denizen of the spiritual world, capable of enjoying a conscious, visible, and audible communion with other spirits, as men in the flesh enjoy communion with each other. This spiritual body cannot be perceived by man's natural senses, because it is not material. Yet it is endowed with the senses of seeing, hearing, feeling, and the like ; and these senses are as much more refined and perfect than our natural senses, as the spiritual world is superior to the natural. And although these senses are or-

dinarily, and for wise and benignant purposes, closed while the spiritual body is clothed with material flesh and blood, just as the senses or appetencies peculiar to the butterfly are closed during its chrysalis or pupa state, yet they are capable of being opened, and sometimes have been opened, during man's abode on earth. And when the spiritual senses are opened, the individual is able to perceive the things of the spiritual world as clearly as he can perceive, by his natural senses, the things of this natural world; he can see and converse with angels and spirits, as men see and converse with each other, — for the spiritual world is not remote from the natural as to space, but is within it, as the soul is within the body. And when the spiritual senses are opened, the individual is not himself aware of being in any peculiar psychological condition at the time. The opening of these senses is so mild and gentle a process, that the subject is quite unconscious of it, — so much so, that, while seeing and hearing angels and spirits, he imagines meanwhile that he sees and hears them with his natural senses.

This is a very brief explanation of the philosophy or rationale of spirit-seeing, as taught by Swedenborg. This is the way that the spirit-seers of the Bible, and all others, have been brought into open communion with angels and spirits, namely, through the opening of the spiritual senses. This, according to the illustrious Swede, was the way in which he was intromitted into the spiritual world, and enabled for so many years to see and converse with the inhabitants of that world as man with man. And is not this a simple and perfectly rational way of accounting for the phenomenon of spirit-seeing? What other theory so reasonable as this can be conceived of? If, as the Apostle teaches and as Christians believe, the resurrection-body be "a spiritual body," then it is reasonable to suppose that this body dwells within the material organism during our life on earth, and is released therefrom at death. It is reasonable to suppose that it is endowed with senses suited to the needs of a human spirit,

and to the objects and conditions of the spiritual world. We cannot conceive how spirits could see each other without eyes, or hear each other without ears. And if our resurrection-body be endowed with senses adapted to its own world, it is not unreasonable to suppose that these senses may sometimes be opened before the spirit is released from its clay tenement. And when opened, we should expect that angels and spirits, together with other objects ordinarily unseen, would plainly appear.

But we are not left merely to the deductions of reason on this subject. The Scripture testifies abundantly to the existence of spiritual senses in man, and to the fact that these have occasionally been opened, thereby giving the seer sensible perception of spiritual beings and of the things of the spiritual world. Take, for example, our Lord's appearance to the disciples after his resurrection. It is plain that it could not have been his *material* body that they saw, and therefore he could not have been seen with the natural eyes; for on more than one occasion he appeared "*suddenly*" in their midst, when "the doors were shut;" and again, *as suddenly*, "*vanished* out of their sight." Now it is not among the capabilities of material substance thus suddenly to appear and disappear before the natural eyes, — in defiance, too, of closed doors. Besides, the record itself furnishes conclusive evidence that it was with their spiritual, and not with their natural eyes, that the disciples saw the risen Saviour. For we are informed in the twenty-fourth chapter of Luke, that, "when Jesus drew near" to the two disciples as they communed together on their way to Emmaus, (this was after his resurrection,) "their eyes were holden that they should not know him." And in a subsequent verse we are informed, that, "as he sat at meat with them, *their eyes were opened*, and they knew him; and he vanished out of their sight." Was it the natural or the spiritual eyes of the disciples that are here referred to? If you say the former, your answer involves the necessity of supposing that they

had been travelling, conversing, and eating together in the first instance, with their *natural eyes shut*,— a conclusion not easy for a rational mind to adopt.

Again : we read in the book of Kings, that, when the king of Syria sent “horses and chariots and a great host” to Dothan, to fetch to him Elisha the prophet, and “the host compassed the city both with horses and chariots,” the servant of Elisha was greatly alarmed, and “said unto him, Alas, my master ! How shall we do ? And Elisha answered, Fear not ; for they that be with us are more than they that be with them. And Elisha prayed, and said, O Lord, I pray thee *open his eyes* that he may see. And the Lord *opened the eyes* of the young man, *and he saw.*” And what was the spectacle which then burst upon him ? “Behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.”

Here, then, we are taught plainly enough, not only that man *has* spiritual senses, but that these may be, and actually have been, *opened* in him during his earthly existence ; and that, when opened, the scenes and objects of the spiritual world, invisible to the natural eye, become sensibly manifest. Elisha saw the spiritual hosts by whom he was surrounded and sustained, and saw them, of course, with his spiritual eyes ; for his servant did *not* see them, as appears from the record, until the Lord *opened his eyes* ; then straightway he beheld the mountain “full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.”

Then there are Paul’s remarkable experiences, easily enough explained upon the theory we advocate, but difficult to account for upon any other. On one occasion, when going to Damascus, “I saw in the way,” he says, “a light from heaven above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me and them that journeyed with me.” And at the same time he heard a voice which said, “Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me ?” Could it have been the light of this natural world which on that occasion so dazzled and over-

powered the Apostle that he fell prostrate to the earth? Such a supposition were most unreasonable; for it appeared to him "at midday," and is described as "*above* the brightness of the sun." He also speaks of it as "a light from heaven," and afterwards refers to this experience as "the heavenly vision," — language clearly enough indicating the Apostle's belief that the light he saw was not natural, but had burst upon him from the upper spheres. And how well this agrees with the testimony of Swedenborg, who assures us that there is a sun in the spiritual world of far more intense brilliancy than the sun of our world, and that he had often witnessed its amazing splendors when his spiritual eyes were opened. And his explanation of the nature of that sun, and of its light and heat, helps us to understand rationally the circumstance that Paul relates, as also the appearance of our Saviour upon the Mount of Transfiguration, when "his face shone as the sun."

Again, on another occasion, the same Apostle tells us that he was "caught up to the third heaven," (whether in the body or out of the body he could not tell,) "and heard unspeakable words which it is not possible for a man to utter." Now is it to be supposed that Paul's material body was "caught up," or elevated through natural space? If so, what are we to understand by the *third* heaven to which he was carried? How much more reasonable is the explanation of this circumstance which Swedenborg's pneumatology furnishes! He says that heaven is not a *place*, but a certain spiritual *state*; consequently, that it is not *without*, but *within* men. And since there are three discrete degrees in the human mind, therefore there are three corresponding degrees of human or angelic life; consequently three heavens. And as the mind may be opened to either of these degrees, so may the spiritual senses; and when these senses are opened to the third or inmost degree, then the individual is for the time in that state which is signified by the third heaven. And as perfection of life and exaltation of wisdom increase

as man advances from exterior to more interior states, therefore the wisdom of the angels of the third heaven, according to the great Seer, is such as cannot be expressed in the language of men; it is, as he says, "altogether ineffable." (A. C., n. 3345.) Is there any other view of this subject, or any other explanation of the *manner* in which Paul was caught up to the third heaven, so reasonable as this?

The same theory helps us to understand, as no other theory of which we have any knowledge can, how it was that at our Lord's baptism "the heavens were opened unto him;" how the prophets of old were "lifted up," — how to them "the heavens were opened, and they saw visions of God;" how, in the case of Peter, he too "saw heaven opened, and a great vessel descending unto him, as it had been a great sheet knit together at the four corners;" and how John was "carried away in the spirit," and "a door was opened to him in heaven," thereby revealing to his astonished gaze some of the magnificent scenery of the other world. These recorded experiences, together with the things which the inspired penmen tell us they saw when the heavens were opened to them, all converge to the same point, and furnish a strong array of testimony in support of the belief that man is endowed with spiritual senses capable of being opened during his life on earth; and when opened, enabling him to enjoy a conscious and visible communion with angels and spirits, and a sensible perception of the objects of the spiritual world, which are innumerable and of vast variety. "For angels and spirits," says Swedenborg, "see more objects in their world than man can believe to exist. The world of spirits and the heavens are full of representatives such as were seen by the prophets, and of so grand a kind that, if any one's spiritual sight were opened, and he could look into those worlds, though but for a few hours, he would be all astonishment." (A. C. 1521.)

B. F. B.

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THE PRAYER OF THE CHRISTIAN HEART.

A SERMON BY REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

MATTHEW vii. 6:—"Ask, and it shall be given you."

JOHN xvi. 23:—"Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you."

THEY are promises of the great and good Giver by the lips of Him who is evermore the best and the most glorious of the Divine gifts. They sound wholly unqualified,—the giving conditioned only upon the asking; they seem to dispense the prayerful from all those labors which press so heavily upon the rest of the world,—to cast him like a helpless child upon the compassions of a Father whose love is infinite, and whose fulness is inexhaustible. They would seem to encourage the expectation that, as there is no lack of prayers in Christendom, so there can be no lack of blessings. And yet we know that there must be conditions and qualifications. We know that a vast deal of the world's praying issues in nothing, and that there is no point in religion about which men are more doubtful than about the efficacy of prayer. They make it very often a question of fact. They appeal to experience. They will tell you that they have asked and have received nothing; that the idea of Divine interposition is superstitious; that God has already given us all that we need, and that we have only to make a good use of his unsought gifts. It is plain that there must be conditions, and that everything depends upon a right understanding of promises which open heaven and make earth blessed for the believer. It is plain that not all asking will secure the needed gifts, and that there is a great deal of asking amiss; yet these misapprehensions and misuses must not be suffered to throw any discredit upon the soul's dearest privilege and highest act.

"Ask and it shall be given you." What amount of meaning may fairly be included in this word *ask*. This is the first question of importance. Literally, to "ask," is simply

to frame upon the lips the language of a request. It is to say, Give! And yet we understand perfectly well that there is a kind of asking which is not really asking, and which we should not expect to be followed by any giving. I think you have all heard men ask for what they did not wish at all, — for what they would have been very sorry to have obtained. You could perceive from the look and tone, that the request did not proceed from the abundance of the heart, and that to gratify it would not be in the least gratifying to the petitioner. An earnest seeker always turns towards him whom he is addressing, and tries to gather from the expression of the face the answer which the lips have not yet framed. Now, God looks upon the heart. He does not regard any request as a real prayer, unless we desire what we ask. Beneath the prayer there must be a heart's desire; not a mere superficial, passing wish, but a real craving and longing, growing out of a deep, abiding sense of want. God gives us what we wish, — not what he would have us wish, but what we *do* wish. It may not be what we ask. Very much of the world's asking of the Father issues in nothing, because it means nothing; it is only a "saying of prayers," not a heart-cry, not in any sense the soul's entreaty. Lo! these many years perhaps we have been asking God to make us wiser and better, more gentle and just and contented and peaceful; we have said, Thy kingdom come within me! Thine influences be multiplied about me! and the years have come and gone, and heaven is as far from us as ever. But did we desire what we asked for? Do not men often pray for one thing and desire another, — pray to be righteous and desire to be comfortable, pray that God's kingdom may come and that God's will may be done, and desire to be their own lords, and to have their own will and way? Shall God thrust upon us what we do not wish? If we must put heart into our work in order that it may come to anything, must we not put heart into our prayers also? God leaves those in ignorance who are indifferent to knowledge, and those poor

who care nothing about wealth; and he will not make those pious, just, and loving, who, caring nothing for piety, justice, and love, and being occupied incessantly with matters far inferior, merely go through with the ceremony of asking. God looks upon the heart, and again and again, alas! how often! after the hymns have all been sung, and every line of prayer and litany has been repeated, he saith, They have asked for nothing, nothing, spite of all this rhetoric and vain repetition, — nothing, and I can give them nothing, — they must go unblest.

Praying in a lifeless, meaningless way, we come to doubt the efficacy of prayer. If men worked as they too often pray, they would soon come to doubt the efficacy of working; all the fine and serviceable activities of life would sink into the merest drudgeries, and yield none but the commonest results. In praying, as in working, everything depends upon the quantity of being you bring to it, — the man that you are, the child of God that you are, the earnestness, simplicity, sincerity, that go along with you. Your words are nothing unless the whole force of your nature lies behind them; unless they express your enthusiasm, your genius, your fresh morning thought, the spirit that possesses your heart day and night, and haunts your dwelling, and will not suffer you to be silent. The world's desire ever accompanies the world's work when it is anything more than drudgery. The most splendid successes, the triumphs of science and art, of literature and material industry, are the answers to those eager cravings which make the life of man so earnest and intense. We find what we seek. And we must not only feebly wish, but earnestly desire, to be right in the sight of God and man. The want of success in this direction must be a serious trial to us, like the misery of poverty, or sickness, or bereavement. There would not be much questioning of the efficacy of prayer, if we asked the divine gifts of love and holiness and trust with the desire that stirs in the heart of the mother when her babe is fading away in her arms, with the longings

that cannot be restrained of an utterance. We have had, at least, as much as we ever asked. The prayers may be in Latin or in English, with a book or without a book, — that does not matter, if they are the heart's speech. We may pray kneeling or standing, only the soul must be in asking posture; we may turn towards the east or towards the west, only we must not be looking away from God whilst his name is upon the tongue. The motions of the spirit are rather to be regarded than the movements of the lips. Desires are the soul's words. True prayer never goes up from a barren, poverty-stricken, worldly heart. The mountain peaks which pierce the heavens, and are bathed in the earliest and latest sunlight, were lifted into those serene heights only by the heat of the consuming fire which burns in the core of the earth. It is not easy to pray aright. Men, by no means the worst, discover sometimes that they know nothing about praying, — that they never in all their lives prayed a real prayer. There must be a preparation of the mind and heart for that wrestling with the angel which prevails. Fear, indeed, often prompts to an earnest utterance; but the fear of suffering is a very different thing from the love of goodness. And so you observe that when the Scripture says *ask*, — it means that the soul must ask, — that the whole being must ask, — that we must be thoroughly honest in our praying, and ask for what we really crave.

I say that the whole being must ask, — and, with the Christian, the whole being means our nature enriched by the life of Christ. The lesson of prayer reaches its highest expression when we pass from the first to the second portion of our text, and read this significant addition, — “*In the name of Jesus.*” So praying, we shall have whatsoever we seek. Asking “in the name of Jesus” means, of course, something more than merely adding a sacred phrase to our prayers; it means praying in the spirit of Jesus, as Jesus himself would pray; it means asking what he would ask, and in his faith that One is with us rich in power and love to answer; it

means praying out of a soul very near to God, living in great submission to him, and in great sympathy with his purposes. When we close our prayers by saying, "In the name of Christ so be it!" it is rather in testimony of what our devotion ought to be, than of what it is; for the ideal of Christian praying is very grand indeed. If we could pray truly in the name of Christ, the promise would be most literally fulfilled; it would be in truth *whatsoever*. I should hardly dare to set any limits to the unlimited assurance. I should say, Ask the greatest things and the best, — the things for which you almost fear to ask because of their exceeding worth, glory, and beauty; ask for the things which are most out of your reach, and which you would utterly despair of attaining by your own unaided efforts; ask, I should say, only with the submission of Christ, — only with his "Father, not my will, but thine be done," — only with his clear recognition of the Divine presence and love, even when the twelve legions of angels were not sent to succor him; I should say, ask for outward as well as for inward blessings, with a true child's trust, that with God nothing is impossible; ask, even where the strong laws and rigorous conditions of the natural world, the laws of gravity, the chemical affinities and proportions, the tides of air and ocean, the subtile atmospheric influences, the causes or occasions of health or sickness, the natural agencies that at once serve and control us, come in to kill or to make alive. I should not know where to draw the line, and say, Beyond this, asking shall not avail you. I would not draw a line. Unless the Christ within rebukes the petition, let it go forth. The higher laws, which issue in what we call miracles, are never suspended. The age of miracles is not past so long as the great God lives and loves. Pray that your friends may be watched over in their journeyings, that your children may be shielded from harm, that they whom you love may recover from sickness; let your heart have the freest, fullest utterance, for, if it be only in the name of Christ, all your petitions shall flow together,

and all the more confidently and sweetly for their wide wanderings into the one petition, "Thy will, not mine, be done, and let Thy will be my will!" and there shall come in your soul a sweet temper of acquiescence, a resting in God, a trust which shall triumph over fear and desolation. He who prays in the name of Christ asks first for the kingdom of God, first for the inward miracle which changes the inward world, the being and character; then, if there is still need, for the outward miracle which changes the outward world and makes circumstances and condition more propitious. It comes then to this, that availing prayers flow out from the abundance of Christian hearts, — that unto him who hath, more shall be given.

And now I may be told that they who so abound in holy desire, and who are so strong in faith, have no need to pray. But it is not so. The precise opposite, indeed, is the truth. He in whom God dwelt continually — He who could say, out of the completeness of that mysterious Unity, "I and my Father are one" — was ever summoning to his side that Almighty Helper. And when the Spirit dwells richly in us, — when we would live in love as becometh the sons of God, when in the mind and heart of Christ we long for his kingdom in such a world as ours, — we feel more than we ever felt before the need of that encompassing Almightyness; we cannot take a step save with our hand in that Father's hand. When the heart is cold and dead, and it is enough for us to earn and eat our bread; when we are content with our round of common duties and amusements; when we find the world good enough, and should be glad, as we say, to live in it forever, and would put no questions touching the things which are above were it not for the thought of dying, — then we are not likely to ask anything of God, for prayers are the soul's utterances. Prayers burst from the lips when great convictions and strong loves, and lofty ideals and brave words and works, have brought us into great straits. Prayer is the voice of the child that has found his father after years of

loneliness and of wanderings. The more we are, the more capacity have we to desire and to welcome God. He lifts us not into self-reliance, but into those heavenly places in Christ Jesus where we live in and from himself. It is only a divine and purified humanity that can see God, and walk with him, and invite his holy and beautiful presence for all its occasions; but this humanity is nothing without the fellowship of the Spirit. There must be already the elements of fertility in the earth, or the brightest sun will not help it; but for all that, should the earth no longer turn towards the sun, there would be no harvests. The spirit of adoption teaches us to say Our Father. The dignity of our nature appears in our divine sonship. When forms and ceremonies lose their hold upon a community, and the fashion of prayer is fast going out, you will hear continual complaints of the decay of worship, until the hearts of men have been so enlarged and uplifted that they will pray in obedience, not to an outward custom, but to an inward necessity. With the renewal of life and the restoration of belief come asking and giving.

We have seen, then, friends, that to learn to ask aright and effectually is no easy thing, for it is nothing less than to enter into conscious fellowship with God. One may well undergo the most exhausting labors of discipline, if only he may come at last into that gracious estate, and feel the tide of love evermore flowing into his soul, and making his obedience graceful, spontaneous, noiseless, fatal, like the blossoming of plants and the ripening of fruits. We are here that we may learn to pray, to ask of God whatsoever we need, and so become partakers of the divine nature, and living gospels of the divine truth and love. All the experience of life is intended to awaken our desire for goodness and for God. To this end we are smitten and we are caressed. Christ is in the world that he may teach us to pray, to lift the heart in longings towards the Father, to bring from sincere lips a heart-cry for wisdom and for love. No dealing with us can be called severe which compels us to this pass, — for then it

shall be literally asking and giving ; — our fight is fought, our rest has begun, we have entered into the joy of our Lord, we have only to ask henceforth and it will be given us ; and if there be any emptiness in our being, it is but an invitation to Him whose love is a great deep to overflow our souls and fill them full, and make us rich in his own abundant life.

THE CHRISTOLOGY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.*

WE give below the title of a work upon this interesting subject, by one of the most eloquent modern preachers of Liberal Christianity, whose name is doubtless familiar to very many of our readers. As yet we have read only a portion of the pages ; but our attention has been more and more enlisted as we have gone on, and we are satisfied that the two volumes will prove to be full of valuable and well-digested material, brought forward, not in the interest of any sect, but with the noble purpose of gathering from the New Testament the fair meaning of the Christian revelation, and binding together Christians of every name in the acknowledgment of it. The twelfth chapter treats in a very original manner of the “ Gradations and Shadowings of the Christology of the New Testament,” and we must try to give our readers an abstract of its contents.

According to M. Coquerel, it is undeniably the teaching of the New Testament that Jesus Christ, man amongst men during his sojourn upon this earth, has, as Son of God, an ex-

* *Christologie, ou Essai sur la Personne et l'Œuvre de Jésus Christ. En Vue de la Conciliation des Eglises Chrétiennes. Par Athanase Coquerel, un des Pasteurs de l'Eglise Réformée de Paris. Paris : Joël Cherbuliez, Editeur, 10 Rue de la Monnaie. A Genève : Même Maison. 1858. (Christology, or Essay on the Person and the Work of Jesus Christ. With Reference to the Reconciliation of Christian Churches. By Athanase Coquerel, one of the Pastors of the Reformed Church of Paris.)*

istence anterior to time, unique, divine, mysterious, delineated in outlines of necessity obscure and vague, — an existence the activity of which is wholly unlike a human activity, and into which a human existence comes as an intercalation. Unless we are willing to do violence to the language of the sacred writers, this must be admitted to be their representation of the Saviour. We ask, Whence have these writers derived their high and difficult conceptions? And in reply, it can neither be said, on the one hand, that we can find nothing like these conceptions in ancient Gentile literature, and that they are entirely above the flight of the human imagination, nor yet can we say that they came into the New Testament from man. The Hindu systems, the Zoroastrian, Manichæan, and Gnostic ideas, ancient fables, — that of Prometheus for example, — as well as ancient philosophies, offer more or less that is analogous with the representations of the Saviour in the writings of St. Paul and St. John. But it is far from being true that there is anything in this at which piety should be disturbed; indeed, we have here a confirmation, all the more striking because indirect, of the Gospel verities. We see that the human heart, under the pressure of evil and of misfortune, raises itself instinctively to the thought of the necessity of a mediator, — a mediator divine in his origin and in his nature, but putting himself on a level with humanity, and constrained to suffer because man suffers, and to die because man dies. *Some one* between God and man, — there is the idea which appeared, in greater or less distinctness, — sometimes to alarm, sometimes to console, — underneath theories, the common source of which is apparent through their endless varieties. We recognize aspirations towards a Saviour who was sought without hope of finding him, who was summoned and yet not looked for, who was named and yet remained unknown, and whose history was created in advance by the desire for him. A strange, and yet a simple thing, that the thought of man and the thought of God are agreed in the persuasion that our world needs a

mediator! What discerning mind can fail to recognize here a light which is not that of the Gospel, but which emanates from the same source? Only to pause upon these dreams, under the plea of the truth which they disclose, is to accept the uncertain glow of the dawn for the fiery splendors of noonday. And we are not gathering our Christology from the New Testament as those who find no revelation in the Book. It is our conviction that we are in the presence of a collection of writings for the production of which the Divine Intelligence, the Spirit of God, has come to the aid of the spirit of man, — a conjunction not only possible, but very natural, if we only allow that it is essential to intelligent beings to communicate themselves, and that ideas exist to be exchanged. Because we cannot understand the way of these communications, we are no more at liberty to question their reality, than to deny the fact of the soaring of the eagle through the upper air because it is beyond our ken. Inspiration must attach precisely to those doctrines which lie beyond the ordinary and regular domain of the human understanding. What could the human reason of St. Paul know by itself of the creation-work of the Son, — what could the human reason of St. John know about the *beginning* of the Word?

Moreover, as we judge, the measure of inspiration was proportioned to the parts which had been providentially assigned to one and another Apostle in the great mission of preaching the Gospel to every creature under heaven. One and the same Christ is announced throughout the Gospel; but the very pronounced shadowings of this Christology, identical in its depths, demand to be considered without any attempt to efface them, and this study conducts to important results. Moreover, we must not forget that the gradual, and, so to speak, intermittent march of the Christian faith in the first days accords with the fact of the successive composition of the sacred books; and why be surprised, if the revelation to which we owe our knowledge of Christ was given in frag-

ments and at intervals, and so the sanctuary raised by successive stages, — that there are diversities of representation ? *

Before the destruction of Jerusalem with its temple, and the ruin of the Jews, whilst the first Christian generation waited for the near and visible coming of the Lord, St. Paul began to write, and not only announced the Messiah of Israel, the Son of God, the universal Saviour, the living Law, the perfect man ; but in laboring to do away with Mosaism, and break down the wall of separation which towered between the Jews and the Gentiles, he proclaimed also the Son, Creator and Sovereign, subjected in eternity to God alone ; nevertheless his Christology, when it soars to this height, could be set down upon a single page of a small volume. The admirable Epistle to the Hebrews, for which we are probably indebted to one of his disciples, seconds his work, and shows how all the glory and sanctity of the Mosaic covenant are eclipsed by the majesty of Christ. The Synoptics (Matthew, Mark, and Luke), but slightly dogmatical in comparison with the Epistles which precede them, write out the history and the lessons of the Messiah, the Saviour, the moral and religious legislator and king of the world, — relate, with the most surprising simplicity, and without betraying the slightest perplexity on account of the marvellous element, the most extraordinary miracles, — whilst with regard to the Son they almost limit themselves to saying that *no one knows*

* The idea of deep shadowings and of a variety of degrees in the development of the knowledge of Christ, as the Gospel sets it forth, has been admitted from the first ages of the Church. According to Eusebius the divinity of Jesus Christ was reserved by the Holy Spirit for St. John, as for the most worthy. According to St. Chrysostom, "St. John added the most precious treasure to the riches of which the Church was already possessed ; the Evangelists before him did not speak of the mystery of the eternal generation of Jesus Christ." And Augustine says, "The other Evangelists, who abundantly set forth the birth in time and the earthly deeds of Christ, what he did as a man, and who say little about his divinity, accompany their Master over the earth like animals following his steps ; but John, contemplating with more elevated gaze the power of his divinity, flies towards the heavens with the Lord." — *Extract from a note by M. Coquerel.*

him save the Father. In the Epistles of James and Peter we have a Christology; but for the most part it is thrown into the background by the morality. The Apocalypse predicts terrible struggles for the faithful and great triumphs of the Saviour as near at hand, but especially in this world; it discloses a heavenly Jerusalem, but it is seen descending from heaven to earth.

The year 70 of the Christian era arrives. Jerusalem yields and disappears under pagan violence, as much as Jerusalem could disappear; the Mosaic worship ceases; Jesus has not appeared; the Apostles and the faithful have looked for him in vain; Christianity continues to push itself abroad, to separate itself from Judaism, and to become more and more a world-religion; St. Luke composes his second book, the Book of Acts, and this is upon the plane of his Gospel; he adds nothing to the Christology of the Synoptics, though he begins with a circumstantial account of the ascension; but the first age of the Christian era advances,—in the struggle with philosophy and paganism the faith becomes more and more spiritual, more and more universal, and John writes his books, the Christology of which reaches even to the heavens and goes forth into eternity. Here is something more than accidents of the memory, varieties of tradition, and divergences of individual appreciation,—something more than these, unless inspiration, which is a spiritual providence, is but a vain word. Indeed, we have here, not contradictions, but diversities, which may be explained by all that we know of the individuality of the New Testament authors, by the structure of their writings, by the form and color in which they are clothed, by the sphere of Christian faith in which they have appeared.

St. Paul is a scholar, a man of science and of genius, who has not been able to confine himself to the popular Christianity, but has given us "*strong meat for men*," as well as "*milk for babes*." Philosopher, moralist, rabbi, and Christian at once, he was the first to systematize the faith, and has

scattered in great abundance, through the letters drawn out by the occasions of his life, all the elements with which his mind was enriched, — a metaphysics which nothing limits, a vast and profound anthropology, Jewish archæology, and a mysterious Theodicy and Christology. St. John, writing amidst the noise of the disputes of the schools of Asia, desired to bestow upon the Church a more *christological* Gospel; to raise the Saviour entirely above his forerunner, John the Baptist, as the Epistle to the Hebrews raises him above Abraham, Moses, Aaron, and Joshua; to extricate the Gospel completely from the absurdities of *Docetism*, (the fable of a merely *apparent* Christ,) and from all the chimeras of the Gnostic sects; to put Christology under the personal sanction of Christ, and teach the world how he spoke of himself.* In the Synoptics we have the first traditions and authentic narratives of the ministry of Jesus, — the simple faith which recounts the story of the Lord; in the Epistles and the fourth Gospel, we have faith dogmatic and meditative; the one recalls its memories, the other formulates; on

* We extract the following passages from an admirable note by the author upon the authenticity of St. John's Gospel: —

"We find here and there, in the first three historians, passages as theological in their hue as the most mystical in the Evangelist called 'the theologian.' (Matt. x. 40 and John xiii. 20; Matt. x. 39 and John xii. 25; Matt. v. 6, Luke vi. 21, and John iv. 14, vi. 57, vii. 37; Matt. xvi. 12 and John vi. 27; Matt. xxvi. 11 and John xii. 8; Matt. x. 24 and John xiii. 16, xv. 20.)

"In the second place, the internal characteristics of these discourses constitute by themselves a conclusive evidence of truth. We observe a grandeur, a solemnity, tempered by an amazing simplicity, and sometimes by a quiet irony, as in the reply to Nicodemus, and in that to the pretended children of Abraham, which can only be accurate reflections of the wisdom of Jesus, and not subsequent creations from the memory of an aged fisherman of Galilee. Authenticity leaps forth, so to speak, from the midst of these incomparable pages, and it is well deserving of notice that the longest discourses put into the mouth of Jesus are precisely those which most powerfully produce this impression. To read again, with a well-disposed mind, the conversations of the evening when the First Supper was celebrated, and the prayer which closes them, and to believe coldly that St. John has invented all that, — that St. John has made the Christ speak after his manner in these circumstances, — is a stretch of incredulity which seems impossible."

the one hand the historical element prevails, on the other hand the dogmatical. Paul and John carry us into the third heavens, and declare mysteries; the Synoptics are most concerned to make us followers of the humble Son of Mary, as he goes about from place to place doing good.

Now M. Coquerel finds reason for the belief that from Paul, the earliest, to John, the latest writer of the New Testament, each author had under his eyes the writings of his predecessors, and, regarding what had already been given to the Church, and what the Church still needed, was providentially guided so to unfold the lessons of faith, that we have in the body of New Testament Scriptures a beautifully harmonized and adjusted whole. He gives reasons, which, on the whole, are very satisfactory, for the opinion that the writings of St. Paul were known, in all probability, to Matthew, certainly to Mark and Luke. We will try to state a portion of his argument. St. James certainly had read the Epistles, or a part of them, for he is clearly engaged to refute the extravagant consequences which had been drawn by some from St. Paul's statement of the doctrine of Justification by Faith. If they were known to St. James, they must have been widely known in Palestine, and Matthew wrote in Palestine. Mark was the companion of St. Peter, whose writings, aside from the direct reference to the Apostle to the Gentiles in the second and disputed Epistle, bear marks of Paul's influence, and, according to steady tradition, wrote in Rome, where the Epistle to the Romans was a familiar Scripture. St. Luke was Paul's companion. Some of the Epistles of St. Paul must have been widely spread, for it is a mistake to suppose that copies of favorite writings were so very rare in antiquity. The *librarii*, or copyists, were very industrious. For many years Paul must have been the chief Scriptural authority in matters of discipline and ritual amongst the Christians scattered abroad through the Gentile world; and the fear which he expresses (2 Thess. ii. 2) lest supposititious letters should be circulated in his name, would seem

to indicate a wide-spread diffusion of his real Epistles. And what an earnest desire to read the Christian story must have been awakened by such marvellous writing as the world received in St. Paul's great parallel between the law and grace, his eulogium of charity, his affirmations concerning the resurrection, and his ever-recurring defences of Christian Catholicism !

Observe now, that whilst the Synoptics in no wise contradict the Christology of St. Paul, they do differ from him in degree of elevation : their view is more Messianic and less celestial, — they speak more of the Deliverer, less of the Son, — and we may fairly conclude that they had a purpose in so limiting themselves. If the Evangelists do not follow in the Apostle's steps, and add nothing to his large and profound doctrines of the pre-existence, the unique origin, the delegated creative power of the Son ; if they do not anticipate St. John, but begin their books so differently ; if they agree in declaring that the mysterious nature of Christ is only known to God ; if they aim to manifest him through all as Saviour, Lawgiver, and Exemplar, — it must be because they thought, indeed knew, that this was enough. In this way they authorize a timid faith in not aspiring to the elevations of their predecessor, but in being content with the degree which has contented them. Who will pretend that we cannot learn the lesson of Redemption from the first three Gospels, when the measure of grace accorded does not permit us to go further ? The New Testament itself furnishes the proof that these high doctrines of faith are not necessary, and will be demanded only of those who can receive them ; and in order to console and reassure one's self, even in a humbler sphere, there remains before God, the just Judge, the resource of believing in accordance with the teachings of the first three who have told the Story of the Lord. But this, some will say, is to allow two Christianities. No : it is to allow that every man shall see the salvation of God, — that all minds are not alike. St. Paul and his must give account

for the third heaven, because they have been caught up into it; St. John and his must give account for the pre-existence, because he alone recounts the prayer of the Lord for his disciples; and the great multitude that heard Jesus on the mount in Galilee must account for the Sermon on the Mount because they heard it.

This order of Christian development is not what we should have chosen as natural and logical. It is that wisdom of God which is foolishness with men; and we may say that Christ accepts it when, upon the confession of Peter, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God," — a confession which does not go beyond the sphere of Messiahship, — he says to him, "Only my Father which is in heaven can have revealed this unto you," and predicates upon it the prerogatives and success of his future apostleship. And is it not rashness to take better care of the Divinity of Jesus Christ than he has taken of it himself? The Temple in Jerusalem contained two sanctuaries, — one the holy of holies, which the High Priest alone entered; the other the holy place, where the daily service was celebrated. Let us pass, if we can, behind the veil, and gaze upon the holy of holies; but let no one deny the value of those humbler adorations which do not go beyond the first sanctuary, for this too is holy.

Before applying our theory to the fourth Gospel, we may return a moment to show how much the book of Acts supports and confirms it. In the Acts we have an attempt to reconcile the Hellenistic and Jewish sections of the Church; yet the writer does not go beyond, but even falls behind, the Christology of the Synoptics.

We come now to the Gospel according to St. John. The system of degrees in the Christian revelation seems to throw a new light upon this mysterious book, and to supply the key to some of the gravest difficulties which it presents. The Epistles and the Synoptics must have been known to John, whose protracted old age was passed at a centre so important as Ephesus; and, if known, what effect must they have had

upon the composition of his Gospel; in the writings of the Apostle to the Gentiles, St. John saw the Christ as he himself contemplated him; and yet out of the frame of the incidents of the Saviour's mission, and not connected with his conversations and discourses. It was Paul manifesting Jesus, not Jesus manifesting or unveiling himself; it was Paul bearing testimony to the Divinity of Christ, and not the Christ reproclaiming his glory. St. John wished to write a Gospel in which the Christ should be his own witness, and make his own Christology. Moreover, the Messianic idea of the Synoptics seemed to John insufficient, now that the Jewish hope had perished, and glories far beyond those of the Messiahship had gathered about the Redeemer; he was persuaded that a universal and heavenly redemption would be thought too elevated in comparison with the Saviour as the traditions of Palestine alone represented Him; hence the exordium of his Gospel, an exordium of which the remainder is a development; hence, in the abundance of his faith, the transcendent dogmatizing which avails itself of the acts and testimonies of the mission of Christ as so many ladder-steps by which to come as near as possible to the Divinity of the Son and the Glory of the Word. The old opinion, with which criticism formerly contented itself, that St. John wrote to supplement the Synoptics, returns thus under another light, erroneous in an historical point of view, it is true, from the stand-point of Christology; we see, moreover, why the Evangelist gives us so many discourses of the Saviour, and understand the reason for the soaring of his Christology into heights far beyond any that are attained in the remainder of revelation.

A single closing reflection will suffice to justify these shadowings, these varieties in the Christian revelation. Because the Gospel is various, it is universal; it is as various as the human mind, and it was necessary that it should be. Christ has come to all, and the Gospel speaks to all consciences; its voice finds an echo in all hearts. Undoubtedly the passions can make the intellectual and moral, and even the religious

sense, deaf to this speech of heaven; but the voice always sounds, and each human soul can at each instant become attentive, hear it, and believe it.

In a very brief chapter, following this of which we have endeavored to give partly a summary and partly a somewhat free translation, M. Coquerel insists,—1. That Exegetical Christology cannot achieve the reconciliation of Christians;—a uniform interpretation of the sacred records is impossible;—Revelation gives us no system, but rather supplies us with abundant materials for the construction of an individual faith;—there are diversities of gifts, diversities of operations, diversities of minds. 2. That it is plainly the will of God that the Gospel should take hold of the soul, and lead us to the fellowship of the Saviour on one or the other side, as our tendencies are simply practical, or as we incline to the living piety, the sanctification taught by Paul, or the more mystical and profound faith of St. John. Is not this the care and love of our God? Is it not true that certain Christians find their greatest edification, their strength, and their hope, in reading again and again, some of them, the Epistle to the Romans; others, the Sermon on the Mount; others still, the opening verses of St. John's Gospel, or the prayer of our Lord for his disciples? It is not with true believers a systematic neglect of any part of the Gospel; it is an instinctive preference for some other portion which arrests the attention, touches them more, and holds language which better answers their spiritual necessities. In a word, Revelation would be uniform, if God had so willed; it is not uniform, in order that it may be, as we have said, the universal book of humanity. But it is none the less true, that if we wish to impose upon others the legitimate preferences of our own faith,—legitimate for us alone,—we must ever by so doing compromise the peace of the Christian Church.

E.

CHRIST THE LORD.

WHENE'ER we catch in thought a gleam
 Of the vast powers which crowned His prime,
 How grand His meeker features seem, —
 Christ's suffering virtues how sublime !

Those eyes which o'er Jerusalem
 Grew dim with gushing pitying tears,
 Had — 't was no earthly ray — in them
 A light to read the future years !

Those hands, those feet to torture held,
 Through which the crashing iron drave,
 Had by a touch disease dispelled !
 Had walked upon the roaring wave !

That mild voice, struggling to repeat
 Words (for a loftier audience meant)
 Learned may be at a mother's feet,
 When angels o'er His childhood bent, —

That voice, with utterance calm and low,
 Providing *her* an earthly home,
 Ere He could say, " 'T is finished now !"
 And pass to Heaven's eternal dome, —

That voice had hushed the stormy sea !
 On the fierce fiends had terror shed !
 From the blind orb bid darkness flee !
 To life had raised the confined dead !

Whene'er we catch in thought a gleam
 Of the vast powers which crowned His prime,
 How grand His meeker features seem, —
 Christ's suffering virtues how sublime !

•

RANDOM READINGS.

SENSITIVE PEOPLE.

THERE is no help for being sensitive, but it ought to teach a person tenderness towards others. It does not, however. A great many people who pride themselves upon their "frankness," and always "speaking their mind," are the very last ones who will hear the same things from anybody else. *They* never are untrue to their convictions,—not they. They mean to be faithful and do their duty, and so they are always flaring your faults in the most offensive manner. But go to one of these people,—say to him, "Mr. Hetchel, I feel it my duty to tell you that your temper is not the sweetest, that your children behave bad at school, that they lie, pinch, play truant, and are dirty into the bargain,"—and lo! you have disturbed a whole wasp's nest of evil passion, and probably your family and the Hetchels will be put in non-intercourse all the rest of your life. Speaking one's mind, with these people, means their privilege of sticking needles into every one's feelings they choose, whereas all the neighborhood must be sweet as summer towards them. s.

PRAYING PEOPLE DEAD.

THE ladies who thought they prayed Theodore Parker out of the world can find abundant precedents in history. As far back as the thirteenth century the Dominicans (the reader of history will remember that they established the Inquisition) claimed that they had this power over the lives of their enemies. After Pope Innocent died, with whom they had quarrelled, they assumed that his death was granted in answer to their prayers, and it became a proverbial saying, "From the litanies of the Dominicans, good Lord, deliver us." (See Milman's *Latin Christianity*, fourth volume.) At the present day, the same thing is practised in Central Africa. When any one sickens among the Wanyamwezi, his friends suspect that it is owing to the incantations of some one. When he dies, they are apt to fix upon the suspected person as the author of his death through mystic or magical rites. In this case, however, Negro-land is more enlight-

ened than Christendom. The Wanyamwezi do not consider it a virtue and a merit to pray people out of the world. It is a capital crime, and if the guilty party is convicted, he is sure to suffer death. (See Burton's Lake Regions of Central Africa.) s.

MRS. DALL'S FORTHCOMING WORK.

WE have been favored with a reading of it in the advance sheets,—
 "A Practical Illustration of Woman's Right to Labor." The illustration is found in the autobiography of Marie Zakrzewska, which the reader will find full of remarkable incident, and which he will not tire of perusing. We give one glimpse of her from Mrs. Dall's vigorous and earnest words of introduction:—

In the autumn of 1856 I first saw Marie Zakrzewska.* During a short visit to Boston (for she was then resident in New York), a friend brought her before a physiological institute, and she addressed its members.

She spoke to them of her experience in the hospital at Berlin, and showed that the most sinning, suffering woman never passed beyond the reach of a woman's sympathy and help. She had not, at that time, thoroughly mastered the English language; though it was quite evident that she was fluent, even to eloquence, in German. Now and then, a word failed her; and, with a sort of indignant contempt at the emergency, she forced unaccustomed words to do her service, with an adroitness and determination that I never saw equalled. I got from it a new revelation of the power of the English language. She illustrated her noble and nervous thoughts with incidents from her own experience, one of which was told in a manner which impressed it forever on my consciousness.

"Soon after I entered the hospital," said Marie, "the nurse called me to a ward where sixteen of the most forlorn objects had begun to fight with each other. The inspector and the young physicians had been called to them, but dared not enter the *mêlée*. When I arrived, pillows, chairs, foot-stools, and vessels had deserted their usual places; and one stout little woman, with rolling eyes and tangled hair, lifted a vessel of slops, which she threatened to throw all over me, as she exclaimed: 'Don't dare to come here, you green young thing!'

"I went quietly towards her, saying gently, 'Be ashamed, my dear woman, of your fury.'

"Her hands dropped. Seizing me by the shoulder, she exclaimed, 'You don't mean that you look on me as a woman?'

* Pronounced *Zak-shef-ska*.

"How else?" I answered; while she retreated to her bed, all the rest standing in the attitudes into which passion had thrown them.

"Arrange your beds," I said; "and in fifteen minutes let me return and find everything right."

"When I returned all was as I had desired,—every woman standing at her bedside. The short woman was missing; but, bending on each a friendly glance, I passed through the ward, which never gave me any more trouble.

"When, late at night, I entered my room, it was fragrant with violets. A green wreath surrounded an old Bible, and a little bouquet rested upon it. I did not pause to speculate over this sentimentality, but threw myself weary upon the bed; when a light tap at the door startled me. The short woman entered; and, humbling herself on the floor, since she would not sit in my presence, entreated to be heard.

"You called me a woman," she said, "and you pity us. Others call us by the name the world gives us. You would help us, if help were possible. All the girls love you, and are ashamed before you; and therefore I hate you,—no: I will not hate you any longer. There was a time when I might have been saved,—I and Joanna and Margaret and Louise. We were not bad. Listen to me. If *you* say there is any hope, I will yet be an honest woman."

SONG SNATCHES.

LONGINGS.

FROM this valley's gloomy hollow,
Where the chilling vapors rest,
Could I find a path to follow,
O how glad I were, and blest!
Yonder swell the hills in brightness,
Green with ever-youthful spring,
Soon I'd tread their slopes with lightness
Could I mount on soaring wing.

Harmonies melodious blending
There are breathing heavenly calm;
Gentle breezes hither wending
Waft the fragrancy of balm.
Golden fruitage there is glowing,
Hidden half in leafy bloom,
Richest flowers sweetly blowing
Dread no frost to rob their bloom.

O how sweet forever straying
 In the sun's unclouded light,
 Purest gales around me playing,
 Fanning fresh from every height!
 But, alas! the swollen torrent
 Roars with foaming might along,
 And its angry whirling current
 • Soon would overwhelm the swimmer strong.

See, yon drifting bark is nearing;
 But, alas! the helmsman fails!
 Cheerly in, though nothing fearing,
 Blessed souls will swell the sails.
 Summon all thy faith and daring,
 Heaven will pledge a helping hand;
 Trust some wondrous angel's bearing
 Thee to yon bright wonder-land!
 SCHILLER, translated by WILLIAM H. CHANNING.

HINT.

For the distant still thou yearnest,
 And behold the good so near!
 If to use the good thou learnest,
 Trust thou 't always find it here.

AS THOU ME, SO I THEE. •

O MY close, tight-fisted brother,
 None will help thee,—that believe:
 For one hand must wash the other;
 He must give who would receive.

GOETHE, translated by J. S. DWIGHT.

THEODORE PARKER'S BETTER FRAMES.

THEODORE PARKER seems to have had a double consciousness. In his controversial moods he would say some of the most profane things: in his better moods, some very sweet and excellent things. Here is an emanation from one of his better frames:—

“Jesus! there is no dearer name than thine
 Which Time has blazoned on his mighty scroll;
 No wreaths or garlands ever did entwine
 So fair a temple of so vast a soul.

"There every virtue set his triumph seal;
 Wisdom conjoined with strength and radiant grace
 In a sweet copy heaven to reveal,
 And stamp perfection on a mortal face.

"Once on the earth wert thou before men's eyes,
 That did not half thy beauteous brightness see;
 E'en as the emmet does not read the skies,
 Nor our weak orbs look through immensity."

A SUNBEAM AND A SHADOW.

I HEAR a shout of merriment,
 A laughing boy I see;
 Two little feet the carpet press,
 And bring the child to me.
 Two little arms are round my neck,
 Two feet upon my knee:
 How fall the kisses on my cheek!
 How sweet they are to me!

That merry shout no more I hear,
 No laughing child I see;
 No little arms are round my neck,
 Nor feet upon my knee!
 No kisses drop upon my cheek,
 Those lips are sealed to me.
 Dear Lord, how could I give him up
 To any but to thee!

ALL's for the best, though all
 So doubtful look and dark;
 And if the sky should fall,
 'T would bring us down a lark.

PARENTS, when unlike their children, are often unnecessarily alarmed at the dispositions which they show,—like a hen who has hatched ducklings and sees them take to the water.

The President of the United States is the prime minister of the sovereign people.

Remember Apollo,
 Ye lovers who follow
 The nymphs who bewitch you, — and don't be too quick !
 For more than one Daphne has turned out a stick.

Statesmen often resemble rope-dancers, who maintain themselves at a dangerous elevation by swaying from one side to the other.

The Roman Catholic confessional makes a man a spy upon himself.

E. W.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Lake Regions of Central Africa, a Picture of Exploration. By RICHARD F. BURTON, Capt. H. M. I. Army, Fellow and Gold Medallist of the Royal Geographical Society. New York: Harper and Brothers. — Captain Burton left Zanzibar in January, 1857, on an exploring expedition into Central Africa, as far as Lake Tanganyika, in which service he was employed over two years. This large volume of 550 pages gives the details of his explorations and discoveries, both geographical and ethnological. The expedition, it will be seen, penetrated into that unknown region concerning which some knowledge has long been sought with eager curiosity. The reader turns with special interest to the chapters on ethnology, in which the writer gives a very full and satisfactory description of the manners, customs, social condition, character, and religion of the Central and East African tribes. The picture is somewhat revolting, though not altogether unrelieved. The practice of slavery, with its degrading consequences, is traced in its influence on the African character. In the very interesting chapter entitled, "Village Life in East Africa," the writer thus sums up the results of his observation: "The assertion may startle the reader's preconceived opinions concerning the savage state in Central Africa, and the wretched condition of the slave races, negroid and negro; but it is not less true, that the African is in these regions superior in comforts, better dressed, fed, and lodged, and less worked than the unhappy ryot of British India. His condition where the slave-trade is slack, may indeed be compared advantageously with that of the peasantry in some of the richest

European countries." The descriptions of scenery and of personal adventure are interspersed through the narrative, and the work is copiously illustrated. It is a useful and entertaining book of travels.

s.

Italy in Transition. Public Scenes and Private Opinions in the Spring of 1860. Illustrated by Official Documents from the Papal Archives of the Revolted Legations. By WILLIAM ARTHUR, A. M., Author of "A Mission to the Mysore," "The Successful Merchant," "The Tongue of Fire," etc., etc. New York: Harper and Brothers. — The author travelled through Savoy, Sardinia, Lombardy, Piacenza, Parma, Modena, Tuscany, and the Papal Dominions, conversed with men of various classes when the mind of Italy was awake with its new ideas, and he gives here the fruits of his observation. The book abounds in pleasant gossip, and descriptions of the people and the principal cities. The writer had his eye and ear specially open to discern the state of the Catholic Church, and how strong might be its hold on the faith and the affections of the people at the seat of its power. The book will be read with interest by all who sympathize in the regeneration of Italy.

s.

Studies in Animal Life. By GEORGE HENRY LEWES, Author of "Life of Goethe," "The Physiology of Common Life," etc., etc. New York: Harper and Brothers. — This is a little book of 146 pages, with many illustrations, written in a style free from technicalities, and familiarly adapted to all classes of readers. Curious and instructive facts in natural history are very pleasantly told. The omnipresence of life revealed by the microscope, mollusks and their eggs, polypes, biology as a means of culture, principles of classification, beetles, pearl-oysters, origin of species, metamorphoses, life within life; — such is the range of topics. It is a good book to put into the hands of young persons to open their minds to the mysteries of the animal kingdom which lies about them.

s.

A Course of Six Lectures on the Various Forces of Matter and their Relations to Each Other. By PROFESSOR FARADAY. Delivered before a juvenile Auditory at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, during the Christmas Holidays of 1859 - 60. Edited by WILLIAM CROOKES, F. C. S. With numerous Illustrations. New York: Har-

per and Brothers. — Professor Faraday is one of the most successful lecturers on physical science ; in eloquence, ease, and aptness in his experiments, subtilty of speculation, and power of touching his audience with his own contagious enthusiasm, he has for many years been favorably known to the British public. These six lectures were delivered to an audience of young persons, and were specially adapted to them. They are reported verbatim by Mr. Crookes. They may be read with equal profit by most non-professional readers. The following are the subjects of the lectures : The Force of Gravitation, Gravity and Cohesion, Chemical Affinity, Heat, Magnetism and Electricity, The Correlation of the Physical Forces, the Electric Light. The boys ought to read these as well as the story-books. s.

Chapters on Wives. By MRS. ELLIS, Author of "Mothers of Great Men." New York : Harper and Brothers. — Novels generally wind up with marriage. Mrs. Ellis, in these sketches, goes beyond, and paints the scenes of domestic life, its trials and its failings, and tries to help those who enter it in actualizing more perfectly its highest ideals. The book comprises five sketches, not essentially connected, all written in a healthful moral tone, and bearing with quiet and kindly influence on the happiness of home. s.

Jack in the Forecastle ; or, Incidents in the Early Life of Hawser Martingale. By the Author of "Tales of the Ocean," "Salt-Water Bubbles," etc. Boston : Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co. — This book comprises a narrative of cruises and adventures of the writer between the years 1809 and 1817. It has pictures of life at sea, and descriptions of countries and peoples visited in all parts of the world. It gives a vivid impression of the trials and hardships of the sailor, like Mr. Dana's "Two Years before the Mast." It imparts much knowledge of men and things ; is written in a style fresh, easy, and natural, and will be found by the reader one of the pleasantest among books of travel. It is largely illustrated.

Home Ballads and Poems. By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. Boston : Ticknor and Fields. — Mr. Whittier's later poems have less of the trumpet tone than the earlier ones, and more mellowing softness ; but they stir the heart no less with the love of freedom and detestation of wrong. Most of these "Home Ballads and Poems"

we recognize as having appeared in the periodicals, and we welcome them all the more in a permanent form, to be read over and over again, as we would welcome a strain of remembered music, and bring back the old pleasurable associations and emotions. These later effusions make a neat volume of 206 pages, which no admirer of Whittier will fail to get.

A Dictionary of Correspondences, Representatives, and Significatives, derived from the Word of the Lord. Extracted from the Writings of EMANUEL SWEDENBORG. Third edition. Boston: Otis Clapp.—This work was originally published about twenty years ago. The present is an improvement on former editions, and has about 1200 additional words. It is designed for those who read the Bible according to Swedenborg's system of interpretation. The spiritual or analogical meaning of words is given, with abundant references to the Word and to Swedenborg's expositions, where the meaning given is further verified and applied. It will be deemed an important aid by most readers who have faith in a spiritual within the literal sense of the Scriptures. s.

Life and Religion of the Hindoos. With a Sketch of my Life and Experience. By JOGUTH CHUNDER GANGOOLY (baptized Philip). Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.—He tells his story with charming simplicity, and corrects some popular mistakes about the Hindoos and their superstitions. The book is in two parts, the first part devoted to the "Life and Religion of the Hindoos;" the second part details Philip's own life and personal experience, including his conversion to Christianity, and the struggles and difficulties which he had to pass through. The book reveals an order of talent in the young convert for which many persons had not given him credit, and which his childlike manners might not indicate. Dr. Ellis's Introduction, including the letter of Rev. S. N. Bush, who was for some time Gangooly's instructor, and who had ample opportunities to know his character, the depth of his convictions, the quality of his mind and genius, impart additional interest to the volume. s.

Guesses at Truth. By Two Brothers. From the fifth London edition. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. A very modest title to a book full of excellent and pithy sayings. It is the joint production of Julius Charles Hare and brother, the former well known already

to the religious public. His calm, half-spiritualized countenance fronts the title-page. The proverbs and essays have a fine flavor both of wisdom and scholarship, and the American publishers have given the thoughts a fit setting in the beautiful paper and typography of the present edition. s.

Pictures and Flowers for Child-Lovers. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.—This is a little book of poems, of which infancy and childhood are the inspiring themes. They are not “original,” we are happy to say, but are the best utterances of some of the best writers, making a small volume of choice selections. We can recommend it as genuine to parents, and all the little folks. s.

The Recreations of a Country Parson. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.—Don’t imagine from the title that this is a dull book. It is as full of good sense and genial humor as it can hold. Open at the chapter “Concerning two Blisters of Humanity;” look at the portraits of Mr. Snarling and Miss Lemejuice, and you will be pretty sure to read all the thirteen chapters, with the “Conclusion,” and will rise from the perusal with better knowledge of human character, and in more loving mood towards all the world. If the reader is a clergyman, he will find hints for sermons on almost every page, and whether clergyman or not, he will find some of the best lessons on human life, delivered with a quaintness and good-nature that keeps him in the best of moods. The print and paper are uncommonly good, and the book has an English air. s.

PAMPHLETS.

A Discourse preached Oct. 28, 1860, on resigning the Pastoral Charge of the First Church and Parish in Dedham, after a Ministry of Forty-two Years. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.—Dr. Lamson’s farewell discourse is full of tender reminiscences of a long and faithful ministry. s.

The Duty of Disobedience to the Fugitive-Slave Act; an Appeal to the Legislators of Massachusetts. By L. MARIA CHILD. Boston: American Anti-Slavery Society.—The duty is put home by a detail of facts, from whose logic the reader will not escape except by renouncing his humanity. s.





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Edited by Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS and
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The object and intention of this Periodical is, to furnish interesting and improving reading for families, to enforce the duties, illustrate the truths, and strengthen the principles of a practical, renewing, and cheerful faith, and by a devout spirit, a sympathy with all the truly humane movements of the times, and a good measure of literary care, at once quicken the zeal and encourage the trust of those who are seeking to attain "the life that is hid with Christ in God." Besides original articles of a miscellaneous character, each number will contain a sermon, not before published.

This Magazine sustains no representative relation to any sect or party; it is held by no obligations to any special body of men; but aims to recognize cordially the Christian truths held by different branches of the Church; and would gladly serve the hopes and efforts which look toward a more perfect unity of faith and feeling among believers in Jesus Christ as the eternal Lord and Saviour of men, — the living Shepherd of a living fold.

In the preparation of the articles, Sunday-school teachers and juvenile readers will not be overlooked; and it is hoped that the Journal will meet the wants of the younger as well as the elder members of the household, and be of service in the work of Christian training.

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LEONARD C. BOWLES, PROPRIETOR,
247 Washington Street, Boston.

N. B. We send, with this number, bills to a few subscribers who are indebted for the Magazine. This notice we hope will be sufficient to remind them that the sum due would be very acceptable at this time.

NOTICES BY THE PRESS.

Every great social interest seems to require three organs, — a review, a magazine, and a newspaper, — each representing the same cause under different aspects, — elaborately and critically in the first, more in detail and with colloquial facility in the second, and as to facts, news, and general information in the third. Combinedly considered, this triple economy of the press will be found to reach the wants of all classes, and keep the common object and aim freely and faithfully before the public mind. The Liberal Christianity of the country, and especially of New England, is thus expounded, illustrated, and reported by the Christian Examiner, the Religious Magazine, and the Inquirer and Register. . . .

We doubt if the medium organ, the cross between the Review and the Journal, is as well known and as justly recognized as it ought to be. An examination of the recent numbers shows that the accomplished editors wisely consult the wants of the community, both as regards topics and their treatment. We find admirable practical essays, such as are fitted to guide and encourage the piety and the principle of domestic life and education; — better Sunday reading for the family no periodical offers. It is the frequent vehicle of the best sermons of the day; it gathers up many thoughts, fancies, and feelings too good to be hastily recorded in a newspaper column, and not quite complete enough for a Review article; the suggestions, the discussions, and the critical notices and personal facts herein brought together, are often fresh, instructive, and seasonable. Rev. Rufus Ellis and his *confreres* make this pleasant and profitable monthly a useful and attractive exponent of the dutiful, the considerate, the sympathetic side of Liberal Christianity; and their unobtrusive and conscientious efforts deserve appreciation beyond the sphere now so well occupied by the "Religious Magazine." It is published on the first of every month by Leonard C. Bowles of your city. — *New York Correspondent of the Boston Transcript.*

The Monthly Religious Magazine and Independent Journal. Volume XXIV. We have already on a former occasion spoken of this Magazine as being one of the most ably conducted religious periodicals in America. The July number commences a new volume; and judging from the tone and character of the copy before us, as compared with former numbers, most gallantly does it maintain its position as a liberal and independent expositor of vital and practical Christianity. The articles are generally of that character which must commend them with especial directness to the minds and hearts of almost every class of readers. — *Atlantic Messenger.*

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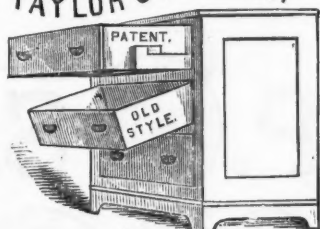
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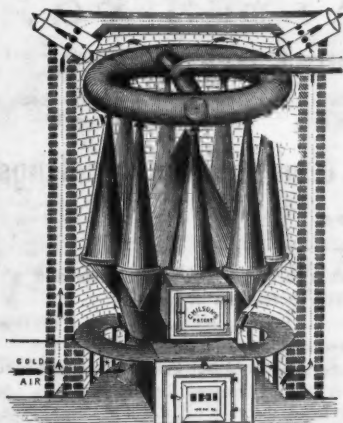
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